DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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"MIXED PICKLES."

I have one nephew, and if I had any more I'm sure I don't know what I should do. He is the dearest, best of good little boys; but he seems to have the largest capacity for getting into mischief, that I ever saw.

Not naughty mischief, you know, for my little Jack tries to be obedient; but, somehow, if there's a paint-pot in the house, he is sure to fall over it when he has his best suit on. If he has just scrubbed his face till it shines again, he is pretty certain to knock up against a sweep's brush as he hastens round the corner to school. So we have all got into the habit of calling him "Little Pickle," and a very dear fellow he is, as I said before. Now Jack had never seen the sea, so when I heard in June last that the Prince and Princess of Wales were going to open a hospital at Eastbourne, I made up my mind to take him there for a couple of days.

I have no doubt we should have got on beautifully if I had not been coaxed into taking Charlie Turner with us. He is about the same age as Jack, and as full of life as a kitten; so the two made the liveliest pair of pickles you could wish to see.

Before starting, I bought Jack a complete Jersey suit.

"There," I said, as I turned him round like a joint before the fire, "now it won't matter what you do: the sea-water will not hurt that."

"Then may I get it wet? Oh, how lovely. Charlie says he always takes off his shoes and stockings and walks into the water; sometimes a wave comes and splashes him all over. May I do that?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you like."

Rash words, which I was so soon to repent! The journey down passed quietly enough, and when we arrived at Eastbourne, we walked about to see the decorations. One arch pleased us very much. It was made by the fishermen of all sorts of nets. There were lobster and crab pots, which had live lobsters and crabs in them, there were prawn and shrimping pots with lively little fellows just as they were caught and the large trawling nets were hung all over with mackerel.

The sides of the arch were filled with the prettiest boats; and the whole was crowned by the long galley belonging to the rowing club.

Groups of oars and sculls were fastened with ropes in the shape of true-lovers' knots, and odd corners were filled with life-buoys and anchors.

"I expect the Prince will enjoy that as well as anything he sees in the town," said an old sailor to me. I stood talking to him about the arch and the royal visit which was to take place the next day, and never noticed that my two charges had slipped off. A loud hurrah made me stare upwards. There were the two little pickles mounted in the galley at the very top of the arch, while the young sailor who had helped them up was swinging himself lightly down by some ropes which looked far too thin for his weight.

How the fishermen cheered to be sure! but I can tell you I was thankful when the two boys were safely by my side.

"Now, auntie, let's go and paddle," said Jack; and as the tide was out, and the sand looked inviting, I consented. It was one of those days when the wind seems to rise as the tide comes in, and although the sea looked very calm at first it came tumbling in pretty roughly when the tide turned. However, the boys played on happily, and, as I thought, safely enough. Occasionally, peals of laughter told me when one or the other of them had got soaked by a wave, which broke sooner than they expected.

"Let's sit down," said Charlie, "and see how far the water will come. I'll be Canute, and tell it to go back."

This seemed a pretty safe amusement; and as the waves were constantly driving me from my post, I went up a good way higher on the beach. I was deep in my book when I heard a shriek, and, looking up quickly, saw my brave boy Jack running into the waves after Charlie, who had been carried out as he sat on the sand.

As quick as possible I ran down, and was just in time to seize one of Jack's hands as he caught hold of Charlie with the other, and it required all my strength to pull both boys in.

A gentleman came up just as we stood, three dripping creatures on the shingle, for the skirts of my dress were soaked. "You are a plucky little fellow," he said, patting Jack's head; "if you hadn't been so quick, your brother might have been drowned."

"My cap's gone though," said Jack, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, "and I'm as wet as a fish."

Charlie seemed too frightened to say much just yet; so I took them both home and put them to bed while their clothes were dried; for, alas! I had brought no second suits with me. I never thought of wanting them for two days.

"What made you so brave this morning?" I asked Jack when he was cosily tucked up in bed.

"I don't know, aunt; at first, when I saw Charlie washed out, I felt inclined to run away, and then, all of a sudden, I thought of Jesus walking on the sea, and telling St. Peter to come to Him. That made me feel brave, because I was sure Jesus would not let me be drowned any more than St. Peter. So I just asked Him to keep me up, and ran after Charlie; but, auntie, I'm sorry I lost my cap—there's twopence in my pocket you may have towards another."

Brave little Jack, he was a true hero without knowing it.

The next day we saw the Prince and Princess, and then went for a sail before we started for home, laden with small crabs, seaweed, and pebbles enough to stock an aquarium.—*Children's Friend.*

MY NEPHEW JACK.—*(From a Photograph*

How the Antis Indians Catch Fish.—The Antis Indians of South America have a very peculiar method of catching fish. They use the bow and arrow, and are very successful with these weapons. When on a fishing excursion the natives stand on the river-banks, and, armed with a stout bow, quietly watch the movements of their finny prey. As soon as an unfortunate fish comes near the shore, and therefore within bowshot, an arrow is discharged at it with unerring aim, and a minute or two afterwards the victim is landed.

Temperance Department.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

The tobacco habit has become an evil so great in many ways that serious efforts ought to be made to check, if not to eradicate it from good society. I do not think there is in the world any custom or habit more absurd than this or with less reason to be. There is none which shows its victims to be more the abject slaves of foolish example than this.

A great many years ago there was cast away at Nootka Sound, on the north-west coast of America, an American ship, of which an account was published under the title of "Jewett's Narrative." At that time all that region was an unknown land. Among the curious customs of the Nootka Sound savages, Jewett says, was that of wearing a stick, about eight or ten inches long, thrust horizontally through the gristle of the nose, projecting about four or five inches on each side. The sailors called it the "spritsail yard," and sometimes, accidentally, would hit one end of it or the other, almost tearing it away from its insertion. The natives of some regions have in the under lip a long horizontal slit, into which is inserted a broad piece of wood, which extends the lip and makes a sort of shelf of it. The Negroes of some African tribes have the two upper front teeth extracted. Of some other tribes the front teeth are filed exactly to resemble saw-teeth. Some savages are tattooed, and others have the head flattened by compression in infancy between two pieces of board. Not one of these customs is more absurd and without reason than the tobacco habit.

It is far more absurd than the alcohol habit. I do not say more injurious to society or to the victim, but more absurd. The victims of the latter are originally, in most cases, drawn into the habit by the example and influence of others, which they cannot resist. But the moderate indulgence in alcoholics is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects from the very first glass, so that it is easy for a weak or thoughtless youth, without experience or opportunity for observation, to be drawn on, step by step, until he finds retreat to be so difficult as to be practically almost impossible.

But it is not so with the tobacco habit. At the very first the use of tobacco is a dreadful disgust. It is even worse than this. It inflicts upon its future victim a nausea, a retching, a vomiting, a headache, to which the horrors of sea-sickness are not to be compared. There is the blue upper lip, the livid, ghastly hue of the face, the eye like that of a dead fish, the limbs limp and powerless, the muscles pulpy and flaccid a violent and painful vomiting, every symptom of death, which it would soon be in reality if the unutterable horror of the suffering did not compel the poor fool to postpone the attempt to become a man in that way. Here endeth the first lesson. The silly youth resolves always that he will never touch tobacco again, and holds to his purpose until he has entirely recovered from the effects of the first lesson. Then he sees other youngsters like himself who have succeeded in conquering their disgust at tobacco. They have done it. Why not he? They laugh at him as white-livered; they assure him that the worst of it will be over in a few days, or, at most in a few weeks. They strut through the streets or in other public places so grandly; they have such a manly way with them; there is such a grace in their style of holding the cigar between finger and thumb, and striking off the ashes with the little finger. When they put the cigar into their mouths again, it is with such a flourish, and their heads are thrown back, a little on one side, with so much self-consciousness, their eyes at the same moment cast slily right and left, to see who observes and admires them! Ah! this is quite irresistible, and our poor, foolish youngster goes off behind the barn, or into some other out-of-the-way place, and takes the second lesson. All this is carefully concealed from the parents, so the tobacco-pupil must go to bed before supper, under pretence of headache. Pretence? It is no sham. He has a racking and splitting headache, with the return of dreadful nausea. In a few weeks, more or less, our youngster has learned to smoke or chew, as the case may be.

Now, in doing this, he has expended far more resolution and right-down hard work than would be necessary to acquire a fair knowledge of geometry, French, German, or Italian. But what has he acquired, in fact? Any good? None whatever. Any means of good? None. Any pleasure or means of gratification of any kind? None whatever. Then what has he really acquired? The tobacco habit, Is that all of it? Yes, that is absolutely the whole of it. But, surely, there must be some result to it, else we should not see people smoking or chewing through life? Yes, there is a result to it. What is it? This and only this, that the victim of the tobacco habit has acquired an absolute need, which he cannot forego. He is in an agony if by any mischance he loses his tobacco. The need of it to him is as imperious as that of food or drink to others. He suffers more cut off from tobacco than if he were cut off from food or drink. On an expedition of any kind, to lay in a store of tobacco is an absolute necessity to him, as a store of food and drink is to others. But then, surely, he derives a great pleasure from tobacco? No. There is no pleasure in it whatever. The smoking or chewing does this to him and only this: it prevents the suffering he would experience without it, or he is relieved from the suffering if it has already set in.

A gentleman told me this story, which exactly illustrates the condition of the victim of the tobacco habit. He was subject to headache. In a small spot over the right eye the pain was excruciating, but it disappeared instantly when his wife laid her hand upon it. I was in his house one day, when he came in and threw himself down in a rocking-chair, in an agony of pain, with his feet upon a stool. His wife ran to him and put her hand upon the spot. Instantly he exclaimed: "How delicious that is. The dreadful pain is all gone and I am so comfortable."

"But how long must your wife's hand remain there to drive off the headache?" I asked.

"Perhaps fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes," he said.

Now that describes exactly the condition of the tobacco victim. Without his smoke or chew he is in an agony of pain; but with his tobacco there is no pain, or the pain, if any, passes away. Here are two men just from the dinner-table—one with a cigar, the other with none. Why is this? One has acquired the tobacco habit; the other has not. One would be most miserable without his cigar, in spite of the good dinner; the other is perfectly comfortable with the dinner, without a cigar. The one would take the cigar, without the dinner, if he could not have both, because he would suffer far more from want of the tobacco than from want of food. The other would not accept a shipload of the best cigars in the world for his own use. The one would give his last dime for a cigar, and go without food, if he had fasted for a day; the other would sooner put into his mouth a pebble from the roadside than a cigar.

But, surely, there must be some pleasure, some real gratification in the use of tobacco, else sensible men would not addict themselves to so nasty a habit? No: there is absolutely no pleasure, no gratification whatever in the use of tobacco, except that which results from preventing or relieving the great suffering that would come from the want of it. Here we are on a steamer, on a fine summer's day, upon an excursion up-river, across the lake, or among the islands, a large company of gentlemen and ladies. We see some gentlemen (?) around the deck smoking. Why do they do this? Because they would be most uncomfortable or, in fact, in great suffering without it. They cannot endure abstinence from tobacco until the return home. They are tobacco slaves, without knowing it.

Some of them are around among the ladies and other non-smokers, with their disgusting smell. Why is this?

These are men whose moral sense is dulled, if not deadened, by the tobacco habit. They do not even consider, they do not think of it, that these people have a right to the pure, fresh air, so important to their comfort and health, and they poison it with tobacco-smoke. The pure air is as much their right as is the purse in their pocket, and the forcibly taking it away by the tobacco smoke is as much stealing in the moral sense as picking the pocket; but these tobacco victims do not think of it or do not heed. The eminent English Dr. B. W. Richardson says that lying is a symptom of the alcoholic habit—an utter disregard of truth, a perfect indifference to it. In the same way and to the same degree the tobacco habit so deadens the moral sense that its victim will not hesitate to inflict any amount of discomfort upon others in gratifying his sensual appetite. He does not even think of the comfort or rights of others or he has become indifferent to them.

Why should not the Sabbath-schools be increased in value and importance to the young by utilizing them in teaching, at proper times and in a proper way, the great evils in many ways coming inevitably from the tobacco habit, while no good whatever results from it?—*N. Y. Independent.*

TEMPERANCE IN THE BIBLE.

INTOXICATING DRINKS FORBIDDEN.

Drink no wine nor strong drink.—Judges xii. 7.

He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink.—Num. vi. 3.

Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever.—Jer. xxxv. 6.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isaiah v. 22.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v. 18.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 31. 32.

(This is more stringent than any modern pledge.)

TEMPERANCE PROMOTES PIETY.

I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord.—1. Sam. i. 15.

He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.—Luke i. 15.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meeknesss, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.—Gal. v. 22-24.

Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul.—1. Peter ii. 11.

Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness.—2. Peter i. 5, 6.

(Temperance is a part of Christianity.)

KEEPING THE BODY PURE.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Romans xii. 1.

What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—2. Cor. vii. 1.

Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.—Romans xiii. 14.

Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire.—Lam. iv. 7.

(Temperance is to the body what holiness is to the soul, and in the Divine plan they go together.)

TEMPERANCE IN THE CHURCH.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations.—Lev. x. 9.

Neither shall any priest drink wine.—Eze. xliv. 21.

Bishops, deacons, their wives; aged men and women: "Not given to wine," "sober" "temperate"—1. Tim. iii. 3, 8; Titus i. 7, and ii. 2.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. xiv. 21.

If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such a one no not to eat.—1. Cor. v. 11.

(Temperance should have a place in church rules, work, and worship.)—*N. Y. Witness.*

DOCTORED ALCOHOL AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

Rev. W. F. Crafts writes to the *Union Signal*:—In addition to the reason which you give for avoiding the use of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper, that it may lead some reformed man to fall again into his evil habits, is a reason which, for me, has been underscored in blood, from the fact that one Sabbath evening I sat by the side of a church member, who, after a terrible experience as a drunkard, had been reformed and had lived an earnest Christian life for months, but had that day, by a taste of fermented wine at the communion, fallen again, a fall from which I think he never recovered. Besides that reason, which ought to be sufficient, on the principle of Paul, that if anything cause a brother to offend it should be avoided, there are two other reasons not commonly given, which your earnest ladies might use with their pastors and church officers. One of these is, that by the use of fermented wine the church is compelled to patronize the rum seller in the purchase of its supplies, which is certainly no small objection.

But what I wish especially to emphasize in answer to the stock argument against the use of unfermented wine, that the wine which Christ used was probably fermented is, that the fermented wine used at the Lord's table in these days is in most cases probably not wine, but alcohol doctored, not containing, in many cases, any of the "fruit of the vine" to which Christ refers at the first Lord's Supper.

The recent trouble with Germany with regard to American pork has brought out in the way of retaliation the fact stated in despatches to the New York *Herald* that the German wine exported to America is for the most part adulterated or manufactured, and the same fact has been attested by one of our consuls in France in regard to the adulteration of French wines even at the vineyards. It is well known to those familiar with the tricks of the rum trade that a box of prepared drugs is sold to the rum sellers by which they can make any kind of foreign or native wine by adding to alcohol a certain amount of drugs. In view of these facts, there is not the slightest probability that one church in a thousand which make it a plea for using fermented wine, that such wine was probably used by our Lord, really uses wine at all. In purchasing unfermented wine from Christian and temperance stores where it is supplied, one is at least sure of getting the fruit of the vine, and something which will not destroy the Christian life of any of those who partake of it, nor do then we encourage the rum traffic by our patronge.

WHEN YOU LICENSE the dram shop you practically say: "Give us a portion of your gains, and you keep the remainder." You thus become the silent partner, and are paid for your silence. The dram shop ruins your neighbor's son; you can say nothing, you will get your percentage of profits made out of its ruin. The dram shop destroys a happy home, and mother and children sit weeping and heart-broken in its ashes. You must be quiet, for in your pocket clinks a portion of the silver into which that happy home was pitilessly transmuted. And when at the end of the year the dram seller counts up the gains—while outside you behold the ruin, the vice, the misery and the sorrow which have been wrought, he invites you in and with almost demoniac leer says to you, "I know it looks ugly out there, but I have the gains and here's your share, sir. We're partners you know." Can you partnership the traffic?—*Professor Foster.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"FIXING" FOR COMPANY.

"Wife," said John as he laid aside his napkin after dinner, "here is a note for you. Will C. gave it to me day before yesterday, and, upon my word, I forgot to give it to you."

I glanced over the note anxiously. It was from Will's sister, and informed me that she and another lady from a distance would be at our house the following day.

"Oh, Mr. B.! how could you be so careless!" I exclaimed. "The girls will be here to-morrow, and the house will be in no condition to receive them. I don't see how in the world I am to get ready to receive them now," and I gave him a look which I fear was far from a loving one. "This breaks into all my arrangements, too. I can't go home now." "But," I continued, as conscience gave me a thrust for my selfishness, and I leaned over to kiss the baby and hide the tears of disappointment that would flow. "I shall be delighted to see the girls. I haven't seen them for years."

"Oh, yes," said John, looking very much relieved. "You can fix up something, and the house looks well enough, I am sure."

"Humph!" I retorted. "You never know when the house is clean or otherwise. Sallie, tell Mag to bring in the dishwater, put some water on to heat, and be quick."

"Girls," said I, turning to the two older girls, "you must make two extra nice cakes this afternoon, and Mag must clean the spare chamber."

"What for?" said Mag, who at that moment entered the room, dish pan in hand.

"Oh," answered one of the younger children, "Ma's going to have company, ladies from town."

"Whoee!" whistled Mag, "den ebery thing 'bout dis house is got to shine 'cept Miss Betsey's face, dat isn't gwine to shine till de company comes."

"Do hush your foolishness, Mag," said I, "hurry, there are a hundred things to be done this afternoon."

The table was cleared as expeditiously as possible, and by two o'clock the dining room and kitchen were in order.

"Mag," said I, "take a pail of hot water, some soap and the washing cloths up stairs and go to work. I will be up there just as soon as I can get the baby to sleep."

"Miss Betsey," exclaimed Mag, "I declar' 'fore goodness I scrubbed ebery plank up thim stairs last Saturday, and I lay thar isn't a thimbleful of dirt up thar this blessed minit."

"Well, no matter if you did," I rejoined, "it must be cleaned again, so do make haste."

Mag is a character in her way. We took her out of the quarters when in her seventh year, a shy little ignorant thing, who had never more than peeped into her master's house. She came to me in the early years of married life, when all things were the color of the rose. She grew up with the children, and took liberties with us customary among old family servants. She rocked my first-born to sleep upon her dusky bosom, and had watched by his cradle night after night when life and death held fearful combat over him, and the angels whispered to him of a brighter and better home than earth can give, and all loved Mag. Although she has been free for years, she sometimes returns to her old home, and remains for months, falling into her old place in the household as naturally as though she had only been on a few days' visit to mammy's."

At last the baby slept. Two nice-looking cakes stood on the dining table awaiting a coat of icing. The girls were in the parlor. They had arranged every thing to their satisfaction, and called me to see the result.

"Ma," said one of them, "we washed the windows and paint, swept the carpet three times, and dusted every picture book and ornament in the room."

I gave them a few words of encouragement, told them to rub the furniture with linseed oil, and went up stairs to see how Mag's work was progressing. It was with conscious pride that I spread the lavender-scented sheets over the company beds, and smoothed the embroidered bolster cases and pillow shams over the snowy surface. I rubbed the windows and mirror until they shone like diamonds.

Mag was busy scrubbing the base board. Suddenly she stopped. "Miss Betsey," said she, "I always knew the darkies was going to be free, dat is, if the Bible is true."

"Why, so?" I queried.

"Well, you see, the Bible says everybody has got to make their own living by the sweat of their brow, and precious little sweating of dis kind did you and Mars John do before the war."

I made no answer, and Mag continued: "There is another thing I want to ax you about. What makes some white folks talk so much about the Freedman's bureau? It appears to me that if a nigger has the money to buy a bureau, and the clothes to put in it, white folks ought not say a word agin it."

I turned my face aside to conceal a smile, and replied, "I am perfectly willing and satisfied for the darkies to be free if it was God's will, and hope that every thrifty darkey in the land will soon be able to own a bureau, rosewood if they like, but do let us get along with the work. Take some clean hot water and wash the front door and transom. Make it bright."

"Well, um."

I swept the upper passages and stairways two or three times over. While thus employed, I heard Mag groan as if in awful distress of mind or body.

"Oh! Oh! Mercy! Mercy!" moaned Mag.

My heart gave one great throb and then seemed to stand still. The baby! I knew she was awake, I had heard but a moment before the merry patter of her little feet in the room above. What if she had fallen out of the window! I leaned out of the window, and asked in as strong a voice as I could command "What is the matter Mag."

"Oh, Miss Betsey, I do believe I done broke that machine that you tell when the weather gets cold by." (The thermometer.)

"Well, never mind," I said, "let the thermometer go, we can get another one when fortune favors us. If you are through there, take the broom and dust pan, go down cellar and sweep the walls and floor as clean as hands can make them."

"Why, Miss Betsey! you aren't going to take the company down there, is you?"

"Yes, I am going to take them there, and everywhere about the house and garden."

Mag showed the whites of her eyes all round in astonishment, but said nothing.

Never before did my house undergo such furious renovation. I carried a pail of hot water into the pantry, and went to work so vigorously upon the window that I broke two panes of glass, and in washing the upper shelves, I upset and broke a glass jar which contained the prince of all preserves, quinces. I could have cried with vexation.

When at last the pantry was in order it was so dark that I could scarcely see my way into the cheerful dining room where the family was gathered about the supper table. When I was seated, John, seeing that I ate nothing said kindly, "Wife, if I were you, I would not go to all this trouble."

"I hardly think you would," I replied tartly.

He gave me a look from beneath his dark lashes which seemed to ask, "Are you keeping your heart with all diligence to-day, dear wife?"

The clock was striking eleven before I could listen to the wooings of the drowsy god Somnus. John had been sleeping the sleep of industry and of a clear conscience for two hours. How tired and weary I felt! Too tired and excited to sleep. Oh, why, I wondered, must we go to all this toil and trouble to entertain our friends? But it is customary among all my acquaintances, and "when in Rome, we must do as the Romans." At last I fell into a troubled slumber, broken by dreams of the company coming, the house in confusion, and no dinner prepared.

Five o'clock found me engaged for another day's conflict. The chickens were dressed, vegetables prepared, ham boiling, and pies baking, and I, with flushed face and weary limbs, was hurrying here and there, seeing to a dozen things at once.

"Mag," said I, "Take the broom and sweep before the kitchen door, the hen house and meat house doors, and take the litter off into the orchard."

Mag complied with a bad grace. I heard her mutter as she went out of the door, "Miss Betsey's done lost her seven senses, I do believe, but I'll jest let her know I am not gwine to work my fingers to de bone for nobody."

I pretended deafness, and went into the house to take a last survey of everything before the company came.

It was in June. Two delicious bouquets filled the parlor vases, and fragrance of woobine and roses greeted me as I opened the bed room door, and the wide, old-fashioned fire-place in the sitting room had been transformed into a bower of beauty. Several children in company clothes and manners were looking out of the window expectantly, while two small children were disobediently swinging on the front gate.

I had just put the finishing touches to my toilet, when one of the children exclaimed, "They are coming, I see the carriage!"

I hastened out to meet them, and welcomed them with sincere pleasure, feeling that for once in my history, I was ready to receive company.

They remained some time and frequently expressed pleasure at seeing me in my comfortable home, surrounded by my merry children. I did all in my power to render their visit pleasant, and when at leisure would escort them over the house and grounds, feeling a secret complacency that every thing was in exquisite order. On the last day of their visit, as I was in a closet which opened near the parlor door, I heard Miss P. say to Josie C., "Mrs. B. is a good housekeeper, but do you suppose she ever takes time to read any of those books there?"

I was ashamed to listen but unconsciously held my breath while Josie replied:

"Well, I really don't know, but if she does, her conversation does not betray it, for her constant theme is the housework and the babies."

How crestfallen and mean I felt! I had labored so hard to make one good impression, and at the same time had destroyed another of which I was by no means careless. They think me a perfect Martha, thought I, with a mind free from intellectual aspirations, and as empty as last year's bird's nests, and I determined from that time forward, to never, never, go to so much extra trouble to entertain my friends, but would endeavor to keep the house presentable, a ready plate and a hearty welcome for all guests, expected or otherwise, and practice the golden rule for all etiquette. *The Household.*

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Sit down, will you, please, and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water. Martha?" asked one of the ladies. "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answered Martha; and she presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter, which she passed to both ladies.

"Oh, thank you," said the other lady; "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said: "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are!"

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back to the dining-room.

"Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips.

"Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; "go to Bridget."

"Don't speak so to your little brother," said Bridget.

"It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" that is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs.

"What!" screamed Martha back.

"Please come here, dear," said grandma.

"I don't want to," muttered Martha.

She, however, dragged herself up stairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb.

"Martha," said grandma, "will you try to find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining-room."

"No, you didn't!" cried Martha in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here." And she rummaged round the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind.

"No, matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again, "no matter Martha; they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by-and by. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

Oh, dear! where are Martha's civil, obliging manners! Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them off when she leaves the parlor. She wears them before visitors, and hangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no manners at home. She is cross and disobliging, and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the first place to be polite in—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with—*Early Dew.*

A PAPER CHIMMEY.

Paper spokes for wheels are among the latest appliances for that ever-increasing article. The paper pulp is forced into iron moulds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens; and the spokes thus produced are said to be much superior to wood. Paper is fast supplanting wood in many useful ways.

A paper chimney fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau in Germany. Compressed paper pult is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances, and to make an excellent material for fire-proof doors.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMATIC TREES.

1. Nice, trim.
2. A garden-plant of an Eastern mountain.
3. A chest.
4. An article of trimming.
5. A tree which reminds of Socrates' fate.
6. A state, and the call of an animal.
7. A color, and a boy's name.
8. A body of water, and a fruit.
9. A mineral.
10. A month, and a small fruit.
11. Calcareous earth.
12. A girl's name.
13. A beautiful kind of cloth.
14. A garden-flower.
15. To sorrow, or to long for.
16. A carpenter's tool.
17. A domestic animal.
18. A tree which reminds one of the rivers of Babylon.
19. A geographical name and a fruit.
20. An acid plant.
21. A tropical fruit.

CHARADE.

My first is a circle that aids in great work;
My second is a fact we oftentimes shirk.
While my whole is useful to a hospital clerk.

ENIGMA: 33 LETTERS.

My 1, 5, 17, 24, 25, 3, 25, one of the plagues brought upon Egypt.

My 2, 4, 13, 17, 20, one of the patriarchs.

My 6, 10, 8, 14, 7, 19, 20, a place noted as the abode of Samson's bride.

My 9, 12, 11, 28, 15, 21, 14, a mineral substance for which the Dead Sea is famous.

My 17, 16, 17, 18, 7, 19, 23, 22, 17, 26, one of the deadly reptiles of Scripture.

My 27, 29, 24, 30, 26, a musical instrument.

My 33, 32, 31, 4, a quadruped.

My whole is a line form "Gray's Elegy."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

If you get wet from that old spout
Blame no one near with such a pout,
You must for your own self look out.

You are, I reckon, pretty smart;
Now take your paintings to the mart,
Where you can sell your works of art.

Pray do not be just like a snail,
But bind the wound made by that nail.
If not at once, you long may ail

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—A-bat-e, B-elle, S-war-m, S-cob-s, B-ran-d.

JUMBLE.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power;
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one "I'll try."

ENIGMA.—Queen Victoria.

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

Soon after they got in, Mr. Goodwin arrived from the city, where a solicitor had been consulted, who had promised to think the matter over, and to help them all he could. Mrs. Goodwin told her story—how she had heard of a friendless girl who had been living alone in Eagle Court for some years, and how she thought it may prove to be Patience Dowcett. Many inquiries were set on foot; and Mr. Thompson went to see the girl himself, while Greg was greatly excited to think that very soon he might be with his long lost sister. But when Mr. Thompson returned he said he felt sure the girl was not the one he sought.

"She is too old, in the first place—she is nearly eighteen, she says; and then her mother only died a few years ago, she remembers her quite well. No, I am sure she is not my sister's child. We must look out and wait."

A few more days passed, and Mr. Thompson said he must return to his farm. Greg seemed quite in despair at the thought of returning without his sister, and begged hard to be allowed to remain in London.

"But what will aunt say?" said Mr. Thompson. "She did not like to part with you, even for this short time, and will be very disappointed if I go home without you."

"But she wants me to find Patience, and I know we shall soon. Isaac prays for her every day, and God will soon tell us where she is."

"Let him stay for awhile," said Mrs. Goodwin; "we will take care of him, and perhaps this very desire is of God's ordering."

So Greg stayed in London, sending lots of love down to his aunt, and telling her to be sure and get a room ready for Patience, for he felt sure that God would bring her home to them soon.

The days and weeks went by. Mr. Goodwin followed up every clue, and Greg was unceasing in his efforts to find the lost one. One afternoon he was visiting old Isaac, and they had as usual been talking of the happy land, when the door opened and a step was heard.

"Who is that?" asked Greg.

"I expect it is the upstairs lodger."

"I didn't know there was one."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Jones lived there for many years, till her daughter took her away to live with her; Martha's lived there ever since."

"Does she live all by herself?"

"Yes, she's quite young, but she has no friends, poor thing, and she's such a quiet, good girl. Patty!" he called, as the steps again passed the door, "come in here a bit."

The door was pushed open, and a gentle-looking girl of about fifteen came in.

"Are you busy just now?" asked Isaac.

"No, I was only just going to the shop for some bread."

"Well, stop here a bit; here's a friend of mine come to see me. Ain't you at work this afternoon?"

"No," and the girl's lips quivered; "they say they shan't have any more work at present."

"Never mind," said Isaac, hopefully. "Some more work'll turn up; don't you be down-hearted. See, Greg here, he was bad off at one time: he drest all in rags and was nigh starved, and now he's quite the gentleman!"

Greg had earnestly watched the gentle face, and now he asked eagerly, "What's your name?"

"Patty Lister."

"What!" exclaimed Greg, jumping up, "did you live with Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court?"

"Yes, I did, but I lost her. Do you know her?"

"Oh, stay here with Isaac till I fetch Mr. Goodwin," said Greg, greatly excited—"promise me you'll stay." "I'll stay if you like, but what are you going to do?"

But Greg was off.

"THE GIRL SOON RE-APPEARED, HOLDING IN HER HAND A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

CHAPTER X.

FOUND AT LAST!

Mr. Goodwin hurried away to "The Battlefield" with Greg, as soon as he heard the news.

"Don't build too much upon it, my boy," he said, as they walked down the street; "there may have been another Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court. We must not let the girl expect too much, especially as she is in need, till we are sure she is really your sister; for it would be a trial to her to be turned adrift after hoping for a home."

"I didn't say anything to her at all," returned the boy; "I only asked her to wait till I had fetched you."

The moment Mr. Goodwin saw the girl, half his doubts were dissipated; there was such a strong likeness between her and Greg. She seemed a good deal surprised at so much questioning, but answered everything in a quiet, straightforward way.

"How came you to leave Mrs. Lister?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

"I didn't leave her; she was taken ill and went to the hospital, and while she was there the landlord sold everything up, and turned me out, and I never heard any more of her."

"What have you been doing ever since?"

"I got work at a factory, and since I came here I've been working for a manufacturer, but today he says he shan't want me again at present, so I must look out for fresh work."

Mr. Goodwin talked to her for some time, and rejoiced to find that the girl seemed to have been kept pure and simple through all the lonely life she had led.

"How came you to be living alone? Have you no friends?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Lister always said it was best to keep ourselves to ourselves, and I never wanted to mix with girls at the factory."

"How came you to find lodgings here?"

"I always l i k e d 'The Battlefield.' Mrs. Lister said my mother died there, and when the folks I lived with left Falcon's Alley, I found this room was to let, and came here."

"Did you know Mrs. Lister was not your mother?"

"Oh yes, she often told me so."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have one brother—at least, Mrs. Lister told me so just after her accident, before they took her to the hospital. I think she thought she was going to die, and she said, 'Patty, you've got a brother. I'm to blame that I never let you know it before, but old Moll's such a bad woman.' I don't know what she meant; but I've never seen him."

Mr. Goodwin could hardly restrain Greg from speaking, but he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked Patty, "Do you know your mother's name at all?"

"Yes," she said slowly; Mrs. Lister gave me a handkerchief that she said was mother's, with her name on it; she said I was never to use it, but always to keep it for her sake. It's upstairs; shall I get it?"

"Yes, do."

And the girl left the room.

"She is my sister, Mr. Goodwin—oh, isn't she?" said Greg; and the boy shook with excitement.

"I think so, Greg, I really think so; God is very good to you; but don't tremble so, my boy."

"Ay, but I'm glad you found her here," said Isaac.

The girl soon re-appeared, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief, yellow with age and

long keeping, marked in one of the corners—"Patience Dowcett."

Greg sprang towards her. "You're my sister, Patty, my own sister! oh, I am glad! You will love me, won't you? Say you'll love me!"

The girl looked greatly bewildered, but she put her arm round the boy and kissed him, while Mr. Goodwin and Isaac wept for joy.

"'Tis true enough, Patty," said Isaac; "you'll have a home and friends now, sure enough."

"Sit down, my child," said Mr. Goodwin—"sit down; you are overdone. I will tell you all about it." And as shortly as he could he told of Greg's life with old Mrs. Jackson of the discovery of his uncle and aunt, and of their anxious search for her.

"It seems all like a dream," said the girl; "I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, it is a great change for you, but it is true, my child," said Mr. Goodwin, kindly. "Now let us thank God for bringing us all together, and for giving us this joy, and then we must telegraph for Mr. Thompson."

"Why did you say your name was Patty Lister?" asked Greg.

"Well, I was called so, as I lived with Mrs. Lister.

"You won't say so again, will you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, I won't," she said, taking his hand.

"And Isaac called you 'Martha' too."

"Well, you see we have all been making mistakes, but let us thank God that He's cleared 'em all away," said Isaac.

A few words of hearty thanksgiving followed, and then Mr. Goodwin hastened off to tell his wife of the discovery of Patience, and to telegraph to his brother-in-law. The girl took Greg up to her room and showed him her few treasures, meanwhile asking him many questions, and doing all she could to persuade herself that this wonderful change was indeed a reality. Then leaving the key of her room with Isaac, she and Greg went off to Mr. Goodwin's.

Next day a cab drove up, and to Greg's joy he saw not only his uncle, but his aunt too. He sprang down to the door and gave them both a hearty welcome, assuring them that Patience was very nice indeed, and that he was sure they would love her.

"How did you find her?" asked Mr. Thompson, as they walked into the house, and were gladly received by Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin.

As briefly as possible the story was told, and for some minutes questions and answers followed each other in rapid succession. All the evidence put before Mr. Thompson made him feel quite sure that this girl could be none other than his sister's child, and his heart rose in warm thanksgiving that she had at last been brought to them.

"But where is the child?" asked warm-hearted Mrs. Thompson; "why don't we see her?"

Greg darted from the room, and quickly brought in his sister, a pale, timid-looking girl, who seemed shy and upset at all the changes that were taking place, and at being the object of so many people's interest.

Mrs. Thompson at once folded the girl in her arms and gave her a motherly embrace; and for some time the little room seemed in perfect confusion, such a noise of talking and crying and laughing went on, and Greg remarked quaintly, "It's almost like getting to heaven, isn't it?"

By-and-by Mr. Thompson went round to see the little room where Patience had lived. It was almost bare: a mattress was in one corner with bedclothes neatly folded over it, but no bedstead; a broken chair, small table, and a box made up all the remaining furniture. One or two books, and a cup and saucer, beside a small saucepan and kettle completed the inventory.

"Poor child, she has not much to move," said Mr. Thompson. "We will take the books and send for the box, and Isaac may as well have the remainder of the things; they will be no good to her now,"

"It's a blessed thing for the girl," said Isaac, as Mr. Thompson went into his room—"a blessed thing to have a good home and friends to look after her here on earth; and it's a blessed thing for you, sir, to have the honor and joy of caring for and helping God's little ones. He will know how to reward you."

In a day or two more, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Greg, and Patience left London for their Worcestershire home. As they neared the village, Greg pointed out all the objects of interest to his sister, and talked away so eagerly, that by the time they reached the house she was in nearly as great a state of excitement as he was.

"Isn't it lovely!" he said as the autumn sunshine was bathing the house and garden in a crimson glow—"isn't it lovely, Patience? and it's home—your home and mine, do you understand? It's home!"

The girl looked pale, and there were tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"Be gentle, Gregory dear; your sister is not strong, don't excite her too much," said Mrs. Thompson, taking the girl's hand while speaking soothingly to her, and leading her upstairs.

"Are you going to take Patience away, auntie?" asked Greg—"oh, I wanted to show her about everywhere."

"You shall show her about tomorrow wherever you like, but she must see nothing to-night. Remember how quiet I had to keep you when you first came here."

So Greg ran off to tell all the farm-servants the story of the discovery of his sister.

"I knew you'd find her, Master Gregory, I knew you would, I telled you so. The dear Lord loves to do great things, and to look after them that are in trouble, especially the little ones," said Ralph.

"But Patience isn't little, she's bigger than me ever so much."

Ralph smiled. "Well, you've both come out of that battlefield, but you're on another, and you'll have to fight if you are going to follow the Saviour."

"Who must I fight?"

"You've yourself to fight, and sin to fight, and there's Satan, who is always plaguing any who try to walk like the Saviour; you'll find him a pretty stiff enemy to fight, I know."

"Then even in the country there's a battlefield, too?" said Greg, a little cast down.

"All over the world there's a battlefield, and no one ever won a victory on it except through Him that loved them. If you keep near the blessed Lord, He'll give you the victory, and you're as safe on one part of the battlefield as another, if you're where He has put you."

"Well," said Greg, wistfully, "I want to fight bravely, and you'll help me, won't you, Ralph? But there's the tea-bell. I'll bring my sister to see you to-morrow."

And he ran in quieter and happier than when he came out.

He found his uncle, aunt, and Patience already seated at the table, and no happier party ever united together in praising God than those who sat in the farmhouse parlor that evening, filled with joy at all the way God had led them, and had brought them together at last.

THE END.

SPOIL FROM THE HEATHEN.

A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddah showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.—*From "Heralds of the Cross."*

WHAT IS AMBER?

What is amber? It is the resin, or soft gum, of an ancient kind of fir-tree, become fossil, or hardened by time. The wood of the trees has all rotted away, except some small bits that were preserved in the amber. If you look at the Prussian side of the Baltic Sea, on the map of Europe, you see the place that produces more amber than all the world besides. Ages ago the whole region now covered by this sea, was covered by these amber-producing trees. No doubt there are great quantities of lovely amber lying under the sea. The amber fields on the shore are about fifty miles long by ten miles wide, and from eighty to one hundred feet deep. An amber mine is a source of great wealth. As long ago as Homer lived it was of equal value with gold. Since people began to date their letters "1800," some sixteen hundred tons have been dug up there; and it is believed that in three thousand years, since amber was first known, not less than sixty thousand tons have been found. It appears as if the digging could go on at this rate forever, so vast is the supply. The amber is found in separate pieces, from the sizes of beads to pieces which weigh pounds. The largest piece ever discovered weighed thirteen and one half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. The commonest impure kinds of amber are used for varnish; the fine qualities always bring a good price for necklaces and other ornaments.

THE LORD'S BOX.

"My boy," said a pious mother to her little son when he had received the first sum of money that he could call his own, "give a tenth of this back to the Lord. I desire you to act upon this rule throughout life, and by thus 'honoring the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all your increase,' depend upon it, you will never be the poorer for it."

This little boy was the late editor of *The British Workman.* He took his dear mother's advice, and at the end of life said, "How thankful I am that our good mother taught us that wise lesson amongst the many she gave us!"—*British Workman.*

The Family Circle.

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose,
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know he will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And can not repay his claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold.
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn:
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do,
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew!

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for thee—
Thou who hast done all for me!

—*Kate B. W. Barnes.*

THE CROSS-ROADS.

"Which road do we take, grandpapa?" inquired Harry, as grandfather's little black mare and Harry's pretty little pony pattered slowly, side by side, up towards the cross-roads.

"Whichever roads you would like the best," replied grandpapa, carelessly. Harry turned and looked at him, it was such an odd reply; but the face gave no more information than his answer had done.

"You are joking, grandpapa, I know you are," said Harry, laughing.

"Joking! I am very serious," replied grandfather.

"But, grandpapa, we want to go to Cresson."

"So we do. Your cousins will be pleased to see you, Harry."

Harry found that his grandfather said no more about the road, so he waited a minute until they came to the point where the question must be decided.

Grandpapa drew up his reins and quite stopped his little mare, and Harry wondered very much what he meant to do, coming to a full stop just at the point where the two roads crossed each other.

"Do you forget which road to take grandpapa?"

"No, indeed! I have trotted over them both too often to forget about them."

"Then which shall we take, grandpapa?"

"The one you like best, boy."

Harry was perplexed. Grandfather seemed so earnest in saying such a silly thing.

"I don't care which road we take, grandpapa, only I want to go to Cresson."

"You want to go to Cresson, of course, but it is strange that you do not decide which you like the appearance of the best; one, you notice, is much smoother and easier travelled than the other."

"Grandpapa, I am sure they cannot both go to Cresson."

"Oh no, nobody said they did, boy; but what does that matter?"

Harry was greatly disturbed; he thought something must be the matter with his grandfather, or that he was very provoking.

"We cannot get to Cresson, grandpapa, if we take the wrong road," he replied, a little impatiently; "how can it matter about my liking the road?"

"It matters a great deal. One road is uphill and down all the way for miles, and leads over a stream which we would be *obliged to ford; the other is smoother*, easier; which do you think you would prefer?"

"But, grandpapa, we will have to take the right one, no matter what kind of a one it is."

"Why, my dear boy, your words are contrary to the actions of the greater part of the people of the world; how do you happen to speak so unreasonably?"

Harry's little "Midge" was getting somewhat fussy, and wanted to go; Harry looked perplexed as he tried to make Midge stand still.

"*I do not know, grandpapa*; but do let us go," he pleaded.

"Yes, it is hard to stand still, ponies, horses, boys, men, women, time—all like to go, and do go, but the great point to decide is where to and how to get there."

"Grandpapa, you are too funny for anything," said Harry, more and more bewildered; "we decide to go to Cresson, and now the thing to do is to go, isn't it?"

"Yes, but how?—that is the question."

"By the road which leads there, grandpapa, for you know yourself if we take the wrong road we shall never, never reach Cresson, if we even ride for a year."

"Do you really mean that, boy?" inquired grandpapa, solemnly; "do you mean to say that it is so important about the road?"

Harry did not like to laugh at his grandfather, but he did do it; how could he help it?

"Why, grandpapa," he said, as he patted little Midge, and try to make him stand as still as "Jet" was doing, "it is just as important to get on the right road as it is to start at all; don't you think so?"

"To be sure I do," said grandfather, with a sudden earnestness; "*I see that you* agree with me, so will not consider which road is the easier, or more agreeable, but take the one leading to Cresson, which is this to the right. But stay a minute: Midge must wait. Did you think your grandpapa had lost his senses?"

"No, grandpapa, not just that," said Harry, *patting Midge, and feeling relieved* that they had succeeded in so far coming to reason.

"Boy," said grandpapa, holding Midge's bridle to make him stand quite still and just where he could look in Harry's puzzled eyes, "you are standing at two cross-roads instead of one. Do you know what I mean?"

"No, grandpapa, I cannot think."

"These roads lead to the north, south, east, and west; the eyes can see them; the other cross-roads lead to God and away from Him; there are only two of them."

Harry was a little puzzled yet.

"If I should ask you which you would choose, the good or evil road—the road to God or away from him—I know what you would answer me; you would not wait to consider a minute; you would choose the good, and that would be well as far as it went; but thousands have chosen the good and have come out at the evil end. Thousands have said they choose to travel towards God, but have found themselves afterwards with their backs to Him, at the very end of the wrong road: They never started towards God, or walked on the good way at all. The reason was that they never stopped at the cross-roads and considered properly what road to take. Their mouth said, 'I wish to go on the good road which leads towards God,' but they did not stop and question, and find how to get on the good road. They were contented with thinking that they wanted to go towards God, but did not begin to go. If you are going to Cresson, you must take the road to Cresson, and keep on it, no matter how rough, steep, slippery, crooked, or vexatious in every way it may be. If you want to go towards God, you must take the road leading towards God, no matter how hard, disagreeable, or trying it may prove to be."

"I never thought about its being like two roads," said Harry, forgetting how funny it was of grandpapa to stop Midge and Jet in the middle of the road to talk in such a puzzling fashion.

"Boy, you are young; that means you are coming to the cross-roads. Look out Do not say, "I want to go to Cresson," and set your face towards Munford. Decide for God or against Him; I pray it may be the former; and get on the right road. Get on it; keep on it; stay on it; walk over it—up hill or down hill."

"Grandpapa, you puzzled me very much at first."

"Yes, boy," said grandpapa, dropping Midge's bridle and letting both him and Jet start at an easy pace, "I suppose so; but I want you to get these cross-roads, and the, importance of deciding about them, fixed in your mind so that you will never forget them, that they may always come back as though they were before your eyes, reminding you of those other cross-roads of which I have been speaking. When you think of going to Cresson, remember the importance of deciding about the road and keeping on it. When you think of these cross-roads, remember, too, these other cross-roads of good and evil; for, boy, you can no more reach heaven by the wrong road than you can get to Cresson by going towards Munford."—*George Kingle in Band of Hope Review.*

OUR HOSPITAL PET.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

There was a crush on Broadway, a jostling of waggons, and a shouting of drivers. Then a sharp shriek. *No one knew how it* had happened, but a child was under the wheels.

"A street Arab," somebody said, as kind hands lifted the unconscious form and laid it in an ambulance. Then the busy tide surged on.

When the boy opened his eyes he was lying on a little cot in a room where there were many such beds. The walls were white and hung with pictures, and the sunshine streaming in through the long windows, filled the ward with brightness.

At first he thought he was dreaming, and closed his eyes in languid contentment. But gradually he became conscious of strange sensations. He tried to move but could not. It seemed as if he were tied fast. Just as he was beginning to realize this, a pleasant voice asked:

"Wouldn't you like a drink?"

Looking up he saw a young woman standing by his bed, with a cup of milk in her hand. She was small and wore a dainty cap perched on the dark curls which clustered on her forehead. She looked very pretty to him, and for a moment he thought she was part of his dream, but he was thirsty, and milk was an unwonted luxury. Drinking it roused him more, and as he gave her back the cup he asked:

"Where am I? Why can't I get up?"

"You have been hurt, and must lie still a while. You are where you will be taken care of," she answered evasively.

She knew, too well, the horror which many of the poor feel for hospitals to speak the word till he became accustomed to the thing.

"It is nice here, and you are good," he said, gratefully as she shook up his pillow. "Can I stay here till I get well?"

"Would you like to?" she asked," knowing that there was no getting well for him.

"Yes: I have no where else to go," he answered.

This, and the fact that his name was Chris. was all she ever learned about him. If he had a history he did not tell it. Apparently he had always been as then, without father, mother or other claimant.

Miss Morgan, the nurse, soon grew fond of him, for there was something strangely attractive about the silent child. Whether patient endurance was part of his nature, or was a result of early hardships, or a benumbing effect of his injuries, it was impossible to tell. But he lay quiet and seemingly happy, watching the frolics of the other children, who were most of them able to be up and about, at least part of the day.

They, too, grew fond of him, and shared with him their toys and games. Indeed, one of the many beautiful things to be seen in a hospital is the kind and gentle sympathy of the patients for each other, and the way they share their few pleasures and luxuries. The generosity of the rich is nothing to that of the poor, for the former give out of abundance, the latter out of poverty.

"What makes you so happy here?" Miss Morgan once asked him.

"It is warm, and I have enough to eat, and you are good to me," he answered, caressing the hand he held.

Accustomed though she was to dealing with misery and suffering, the answer startled her. Had the struggle for existence been so terrible to this gentle boy, that to be warmed and fed were luxuries to be rejoiced over, even though purchased by pain and confinement? Were love and tenderness so unknown to him that he was grateful for that of a hospital nurse? Yet, if she had but known, it was not strange that any one should enjoy her care, for she, like most women who devote their lives to the relief of suffering, brought to her work a heart made tender by sorrow, and ministered for love of ministering, not as a hireling.

His ignorance was no less remarkable than his quietness. It seemed as if there must be something lacking about him mentally, that he had picked up so little in his street life. He knew the name of the city in which he lived, but not of the State. He had heard of schools, but could not tell what was done there. Sunday was to him merely a day when people stopped work and it was harder than ever to get food, and when people who had good clothes went to church. He had heard the names of God and Christ in oaths, but knew no more of the Christian religion than if he had lived upon the steppes of Asia. Honesty and truthfulness were to him luxuries of wealth. Stealing and lying incidents of poverty. It is a strange comment upon our civilization that such heathenism can exist in our midst.

Miss Morgan was to have an experience rare in this land. She was to teach this boy with his oddly mature and immature mind, those truths of Christianity which are familiar to most children, when scarcely out of the cradle, and to see how the old, old story would seem to one to whom it was altogether new. *Religious teaching was no* part of her recognized duties, but she was too truly a servant of her Master, to let such an opportunity slip.

Little by little, as the chance offered, she told him the story, beginning with the angels' song and the childhood of our Lord. Most children would have asked questions, but Chris rarely did. He listened *as if to a* fairy tale. But when she told him of Jesus healing the sick, he started with eager interest.

"Where is He?" he asked. "Would He make me well again?" Then as he hesitated for a reply: "Would I have to go away from here?"

"*I am afraid so.*"

"Then I don't want Him to do it; I would rather stay with you," he said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

He listened with bated breath to the tale of the mock trial, the crown of thorns and scourging, but when she came to the crucifixion, he started from his pillow with flashing eyes.

"Curse them! curse them!" he cried. "They killed Him," and he burst into bitter tears.

She was frightened by the storm of grief and passion her words has roused, for to her as to the rest of us, the story had lost its startling force by oft repeating. She tried vainly to soothe him, *till it occurred to her* that the best consolation lay in the resurrection. On hearing of this he quickly dried his eyes.

"Then He was not dead," he said.

"Yes, He was, but He came to life again, and will never die any more"

Then in answer to his wondering looks she pointed out the meaning of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus, explaining that He came to save and purify us from our sins, that we with Him might enter into everlasting life.

We who have heard these things from infancy can have no idea of the revelation they were to the homeless, suffering child.

To him the gospel was truly good tidings, and he received it with joy touching to behold. Even his habitual silence gave way before his desire to share his new treasure with others. A new quality came into his cheerfulness.

What had once been placid contentment became actual joyousness, and even those who were wont to scoff grew thoughtful before the tokens of his simple faith.

Two years passed. The doctor said he might live many more, but could never walk again. As soon as he was able kind friends taught him to read and write and do pretty handiwork which might bring him a little income. His cot became the brightest spot in the ward, and the other children gathered about it eagerly while he shared

their joys and sorrows, and contributed greatly to their enjoyment. His life was narrow and his opportunities small, but he improved them well, and who may measure the good done by his humble service, or the honor which, in another world, may be awarded to faithfulness in little things?

Loving and beloved, his life was moving peacefully on, when a lady visitor, struck by his sweet face and gentle manners, enquired his history, and learning that he was without claimant took him to her home, which had lately been made desolate by the death of her only son. In heart and household, she has given him her dead boy's place, and means to educate him for the position he is to fill; and we may well doubt whether she in giving, or he in receiving, is most blessed. But amid his changed surroundings he remains the same gentle, self-forgetting boy, and his greatest happiness is in planning to help and rescue other Arabs of the streets.—*N.Y. Observer.*

GOING ONE WAY AND BACKING ANOTHER.

There is an old story told of a man who stole a drove of oxen, and to escape discovery, he pulled them into a cave by their tails, so that their tracks should seem to lead the other way. But the lowing of the cattle betrayed the thief, and he met the punishment he so well merited.

Children sometimes think they are deceiving others by going one way and facing another—getting into all sorts of mischief or wrong-doing and yet contriving to make their tracks look all right to their parents and teachers. Let me tell you of some of these boys and girls, and you will see how easy it is to get into wrong courses, and how even children need to "watch and pray" lest they also be tempted.

Eddie Holt stayed out playing the other evening an hour after his usual supper-time, and then accounted for his tardy appearance at table by saying he had been walking with his teacher in the fields collecting botanical specimens. This was true, so far as it went; but he should have added that, after his return from the walk with his teacher, he called to see two of his schoolmates and had been with them flying kite from five to seven o'clock, though he knew he ought to be home by six. His father's reply, "I am glad you were so well employed, my son," sent a blush of shame to Eddie's face. Had he told the whole truth, he would probably have received from his parents a just reproof for his tardiness, but he would have had the consciousness of acting honorably in confessing his fault, instead of a sense of inward shame in accepting praise where he well knew he had merited only blame. Added to this, Eddie had a constant fear that some time his deception might be found out, and the dread of discovery robbed him of far more enjoyment than the two hours stolen pleasure had given him. Was it not a hard bargain, this going one way and backing another.

Minnie Weston received the first prize for composition in her class, greatly to the delight of her parents and brothers, while her teacher publicly congratulated her on the progress she had made in this branch of study. But none of them knew that Minnie's cousin Walter, who lived in the country, had taken her prize essay home with him on his last visit, and had so revised and improved her work that when Minnie came to copy the composition she could hardly recognize its original features. She had not asked him to do this, but she had told him how very anxious she was to win the prize, and from the depths of her heart she had thanked him for helping her to do so. But it was not honestly won; and to secure this small triumph over her classmates, Minnie lost the approval of her own conscience, and, more than all, had sinned against Him who looks into the heart and sees every secret thought of evil-doing, though to the outward appearance all may be fair and good. Did the gain equal the loss?

A "Christmas gift" from the Sunday-school to the pastor was to be purchased by the voluntary donations of the children, the amount given by each to be determined by himself or his parents. Carrie Elton asked her mother's permission to give the half-dollar she had reserved for her own pocket-money during the holidays.

"Certainly, my dear, you can do so if you wish," said Mrs. Elton, "but I should think that half that amount would be a liberal gift from my little girl, while she might quite lawfully spend the other half for herself. But you can do just as you please about it, and I would prefer that you decide it for yourself."

"Then, mamma, I will give the whole half-dollar," said Carrie eagerly. "I do want to be liberal—as liberal as any in our class and some, I know, are going to give fifty cents."

Carrie fully intended to do as she said, and started out the Saturday before Christmas to carry her gift to the lady who had charge of the fund. As she handed it, the lady said, "You know, dear, this is to be the children's own gift. Is this your own spending money, or money given you by your parents just for this purpose?"

"It is my own, ma'am," said Carrie, a little proudly.

"Then what a generous little girl you are," said the lady. "I should think half this sum would be enough for a little girl like you to give. Shall I give you a quarter in change?" she continued, as she held out the quarter.

Carrie took it, feeling very glad that she might keep part of her money for herself, and still be thought so generous. But did she forget that to be thought generous by man she was acting falsely and dishonestly in the sight of God. True, the money was her own, and she had permission to do as she pleased with it; but she did not tell her mother that she had only given a quarter, for she wanted to be thought more generous than she really was, and so she was taking as her due the praise that was not really hers.

All these children were going one way and facing another, and from just the same motive of deception as was the man who pulled the stolen oxen into the cave backwords instead of forwards.—*Fannie Roper Feudge in Child's Paper.*

WHAT CAN GIRLS DO?

BY MRS. H. E. BLAKESLEE.

"Letty Stevens, aren't you going to join the Band of Hope? All the other girls have."

"Well, I'm not. It's all nonsense; girls don't need to sign the pledge; they don't drink liquor."

"Suppose we don't drink; we can help the cause by trying to keep our brothers and friends from drinking," responded Betty Williams.

"I'd like to know what girls can do?" retorted Letty.

"Just come to one of our meetings and you'll find out," replied Betty.

"If I can't see anything of your work outside of your meetings, I don't think it amounts to much," said Letty.

"If Sam has not been reading another of those dime novels!" exclaimed Letty, a few mornings later, as she savagely pounced upon a yellow-covered book carefully hid beneath her brother's pillow. "Seems to me there must be a band of bad boys in this place, who club together and keep up a supply of these awful books. Sam knows that mamma doesn't allow him to read them, and yet he will do it. He says there's nothing else to read, and he must have something. I've noticed that since he's been reading them, how often he goes off with the boys evenings. And last night when he came home, his breath was strong with beer, and now, here's this bad book under his pillow!" and Letty carried the volume down to the kitchen fire, where she saw it turn to ashes in the grate.

Sam Stevens did not improve. The bad books kept coming into the house, and the smell of beer grew more frequent on his lips. His father was dead, and his mother's counsels were all in vain. At twelve years of age Sam Stevens seemed fairly on the road to ruin.

"I wonder if it would do Sam any good to join the Band of Hope," mused Letty, one day. "I don't believe it would, though," she added, "for it wouldn't hinder him from reading those trashy novels and they are what do the mischief."

That very evening Sam Stevens came home wearing a Band of Hope badge.

"Why, Sam S-t-e-v-e-n-s!" exclaimed Letty, as her eyes fell upon it.

"And that isn't all," exclaimed Sam, drawing a volume about the size of a dime novel from his coat pocket, "See there, Letty; by being a member of the Band I can get one of these books every week. That just suits me. You know how well I like to read, and there's a book that I'm not ashamed to show to mother."

Letty looked the book over,

"Oh, isn't it nice, Sam; may I read it too?"

"Of course you may. But why not join the Band and get one yourself? There's lots of girls belong."

"What can they do?" asked Letty.

"They seem to find enough to do; they're planning something all the time. They helped raise the money to buy these books. The Band bought a library, beside papers to give away. Only yesterday the girls put some free papers up in Mr. Marlow's store. He had gruffly refused the boys, but he didn't refuse the girls. Then we are going to have a temperance concert, and of course we shall need the girls in that."

"How did you come to join?" asked Letty, as Sam paused for breath.

"The girls invited me to one of their meetings. When I saw the books and how interesting it all was, it didn't take me long to decide. Yes, I've signed the pledge, and I mean to keep it, too. Instead of spending money for dime novels and beer, I'm going to give it to the Band of Hope for books and papers."

"I never knew before that I could do so much in the cause of temperance," said Letty Stevens, a few weeks after she had joined the Band of Hope, "and it's so pleasant to think that a little girl can help to save from being drunkards."—*Careful Builders.*

HE LIVES! HE LIVES!

Dr. J. Leifchild, in his volume of "Remarkable Facts," records the following circumstances, as related to him by the son of a Christian missionary:—

"I well remember hearing my mother speak in touching terms of the narrow escapes my father had during our sojourn in Jamaica. Once we were nearly thrown, together with the horse and gig, over a steep precipice into the sea. My father endured five attacks of yellow fever, and on one occasion he suffered so much, that the medical attendants gave up all hopes of his recovery. For some time he lingered in a state of insensibility hardly to be described. My mother watched and wept, friends did the same; the faithful Christian negroes also wept as they saw life fast ebbing away. Death seemed just about to seize his prey. Prayer-meetings were held, and at last some hundreds of negroes were assembled, and earnestly beseeched Almighty God, with tears, to spare the life of their beloved missionary. Often had he stood up before judges in their defence. Often had he been cast into prison for protecting them from their tyrannical oppressors; and now, with a warmth of affection and intensity of feeling unknown amongst Christians in England, they cried mightily to God. Hour after hour passed by; messengers were passing from the chapel to the mission-house to obtain tidings of the sick man. At length, when life seemed about to depart, the pious negroes agreed to unite silently in one heartfelt petition to Him in whose hand our breath is; and believing that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' they thus unitedly prayed. The multitude joined in one petition ascending from their inmost souls; and at the very hour the shadow of death fled at the rebuke of the Lord! A change took place, signs of health appeared, and he, for whose restoration so many suppliants prayed, was raised up from his bed of sickness; and that chapel and mission-house did indeed become filled with songs of joy, praise, and thanksgiving. "He lives! he lives!" was the joyful exclamation that ran from one to another through that congregation, with an effect which I cannot describe, and which was greatly increased by the emotional nature of the unsophisticated negroes.

"This touching incident in the life of my father is, to my mind, a strong proof of the truth of our holy religion. Here was something of an altogether higher than human origin, in the commencement, progress, and issue. Can infidelity or atheism point to such effects or to such a result? It was the preaching of Jesus which led these poor, despised negroes to act as they did. The missionary was to them the messenger of Christ and the bearer of glad tidings, and on that account they loved him. That love was from heaven—its emotions and effects heavenly. The missionary's love to Christ prompted him to do for the negroes what no human consideration would have accomplished. Missionary and people were there united with a love stronger than death."—*British Workman.*

BORROWED BOOKS.

A person who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permisson of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule.

A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period.

If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honor requires that it shall be replaced by a new copy.

Never ask the loan of a very costly book or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it.

Teach children to be very particular in regard to their handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MANY a cultured gentleman there is whose heart is growing as hard as the tiles wherewith he decorates his hearth, many a delicate lady whose own hands are busily embroidering the napkin wherein she will wrap for burial the talent God gave her for the service of her kind.—*Rev. Washington Gladden, in Andover Review.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How long did David reign over Israel?
2. What was the first request that Solomon asked of God after he became king?
3. In the reign of what king of Israel were the waters of the Jordan divided so that men could pass over on dry ground?
4. On what occasion were the following words of Jesus spoken? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not."

BIBLE RIDDLE.

Within proud Babylon's lofty walls
In grand old palace with marble halls,
A royal feast the king had given
To a thousand lords, and at the even
Their wine from golden vessels drank.
To the God of heaven not one thank
Arose, but praised the gods of earth.
In the midst of revelry and mirth
The king's countenance was seen to fall;
Lo! a hand was writing on the wall!
"Go bring the wisest men of the land,"
Cried the king, "all who can understand
The writing or make known to me
What the meaning of those words can be."
At length a Judah captive was found
Whose wisdom astonished all around;
He read the fearful words and revealed
To the king that now his doom was sealed.
What was this Judah captive's name?
What cruel deed added to his fame?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—St. John wrote the Gospel which bears his name, and also the three Epistles of John. On the Isle of Patmos to which he had been banished, he received and wrote the Revelation. Tradition says that when too old to walk he was sometimes carried into the church at Ephesus, where he was accustomed to repeat the words: "*Little children love one another.*"

1. Lydda, (Acts 9: 32.) 2. Ishmael, (Gen. 25: 9.) 3. Thomas, (John 20: 20.) 4 Titus, (Titus 1: 4) 5. Lion, (1 Sam. 17: 36.) 6 Enoch, (Gen. 5: 24) 7. Corn. (Deut. 11: 14.) 8. Hosannah, Matt. 21: 9.. 9. Isaac (Gal. 4: 27.) 10. Lydia. (Acts 16: 14-40) 11. Dove, (Gen. 8: 11.) 12. Rainbow, (Gen. 9: 13.) 13. Elijah, (2 Kings 2: 11, 12.) 14. Nazareth) (Luke 2: 51.) 15. Lois, (2 Timothy 1: 15.) 16. Olivet, (Luke 21: 37) 17. Veil, (Ex. 34: 35.) 18 Eden, (Gen. 2: 8-10.) 19. Og. (Deut. 3: 11.) 20. Nineveh. (Jonah 1: 1, 2.) 21. Elisha, (2 Kings 2: 23, 24.) 22. Antioch, (Acts 11: 26.) 23. Noah, (2 Peter 2: 5) 24. Oil. (2 Kings 4: 1-7.) 25. Tabitha, (Acts 9: 36-40.) 26. Hophni, (1 Sam. 1: 3.) 27. Eunice, (2. Tim. 1:5.) 28, Rechabites, (Jer. 35: 14.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Ella Shortreed, Wm. Traquair, and Albert Jesse French.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.

July 13, 1884.] [2 Sam. 6: 1-12.

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-12.

1. Again David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, thirty thousand.

2. And David arose and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims.

3. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinadab that was in Gibeah; and Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab drave the new cart.

4. And they brought it out of the house of Abinadab which was at Gibeah, accompanying the ark of God; and Ahio went before the ark.

5. And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals.

6. And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

7. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.

8. And David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah; and he called the name of the place Perezuzzah to this day.

9. And David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me?

10. So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him into the city of David; but David carried it aside into the house of Obededom the Gittite.

11. And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obededom the Gittite three months; and the Lord blessed Obededom, and all his household.

12 And it was told King David, saying, the Lord hath blessed the house of Obededom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God. So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with gladness.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He blesseth the habitation of the just."—Prov. 3: 33.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 40: 17-38.....The Ark in the Tabernacle.
T. Josh. 6: 8-20.....The Ark at Jericho.
W. 1 Sam. 4: 1-11.....The Ark Taken by the Philistines.
Th. 1 Sam. 6: 1-21.....The Ark Sent Back to Israel.
F. 2 Sam. 6: 1-12.....The Ark in the House.
Sa. 1 Chron. 15: 1-28.....The Ark Brought to Jerusalem.
S. Ps. 132: 1-18.....David's Prayer at its Removal.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Rejoicing around the Ark. 2. Death beside the Ark. 3. A Home Blessed by the Ark.

Time.—B.C. 1045. Places.—Baale and the way to Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. CHOSEN MEN—the best of the nation. Religious work requires the best men. V. 2 FROM BAALE—rather "to Baale;" another name for Kirjath-jearim, a hill-town a few miles north of Jerusalem. 1 Sam. 6: 20, 21; 7: 1, 2. V. 3. UPON A NEW CART—for the manner in which they ought to have carried it, see Num. 4: 14; 7: 9; 18: 3. HOUSE OF ABINADAB—where it had been for seventy years. GIBEAH—Gibeah means a hill. Here and in v. 4 it should be translated "on the hill."

II.—V. 6. THRESHING-FLOOR—a level place of hardened earth, fifty feet or more in diameter. TOOK HOLD—see Num. 4: 15. He thought it was in danger of being upset. He might have known that God could take care of his own ark. V. 8. DISPLEASED—grieved and vexed that his plans were thwarted. 1 Sam. 15: 11; Jon. 4: 1, 9. HAD MADE A BREACH—had come with sudden vengeance PEREZ-UZZAH — meaning "breach of Uzzah." V. 9. AFRAID—of further judgment. Judg. 13: 22.

III.—V. 10. WOULD NOT REMOVE THE ARK—was afraid to do so after his sudden check. OBEDEDOM—a Levite of the city of Gath-Rimmon in Manasseh. THE LORD BLESSED OBEDEDOM—"God always pays liberally for his lodgings." (See Rev. 3: 20.) V. 12. SO DAVID WENT—he gains courage when he finds that the ark had brought blessing to those that cared for it. BROUGHT UP THE ARK—how the law was strictly observed. 1 Chron. 15. We should do everything just as God requires.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should do exactly as God tells us to do, especially in religious matters.

2. That we should worship the Lord with joy and gladness.

3. That we should treat sacred things with reverence.

4. That the Lord always blesses those who have him in their hearts and lives.

5. That parents and children should worship God together in the family.

LESSON III.

July 20, 1884.] [2 Sam. 7: 1-16.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-16.

1. And it came to pass, when the king sat in his house, and the Lord had given him rest round about from all his enemies;

2. That the king said unto Nathan the prophet, See now, I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains.

3. And Nathan said to the king, Go, do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee.

4. And it came to pass that night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying,

5. Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in?

6. Whereas I have not dwelt in any house since the time that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt, even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle.

7. In all the places wherein I have walked with all the children of Israel spake I a word with any of the tribes of Israel, whom I commanded to feed my people Israel, saying, Why build ye not me an house of cedar?

8. Now therefore so shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel.

9. And I was with thee whithersoever thou wentest, and have cut off all thine enemies out of thy sight, and have made thee a great name, like unto the name of the great men that are in the earth.

10. Moreover I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as beforetime,

11. And as since the time that I commanded judges to be over my people Israel, and have caused thee to rest from all thine enemies. Also the Lord telleth thee that he will make thee an house.

12. And when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom.

13. He shall build an house for my name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom for ever.

14. I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men:

15. But my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee.

16. And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established for ever.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thy throne shall be established for ever."—2 Sam. 7: 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 12: 1-8.....God's Covenant with Abraham.
T. Gen. 28: 10-22.....God's Covenant with Jacob.
W. 2 Sam. 7: 1-16.....God's Covenant with David.
Th. 2 Sam. 7: 17-29.....God's Covenant Love Praised.
F. Ps. 72 1-20.....God's Covenant Goodness Foreseen.
Sa. Acts 13: 16-37.....God's Covenant Fulfilled in Christ.
S. Ps. 45: 1-17.....Christ and His Kingdom.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Temple Proposed. 2. The Service Declined. 3. A Covenant Made.

Time.—B.C. 1012. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. SAT—dwelt. IN HIS HOUSE—the house of cedar, ch 5: 11. V. 2. SEE NOW—he contrasts his own substantial and elegant palace with the humble tent of the ark of God, thus expressing his pious purpose of building a fit temple for the Lord. V. 3 NATHAN SAID—not as a prophet, by divine direction, but as a wise and good man.

II.—V. 5. SHALL THOU BUILD—equivalent to "Thou shalt not build." (See 1 Chron. 17: 4.) V. 8. FROM THE SHEEPCOTE—from the lowliness of shepherd life. V. 9. WAS WITH THEE—thy guide, guard and strength. V. 10. WILL APPOINT A PLACE—giving them a firm, deep-rooted, national life. V. 11. HE WILL MAKE THEE AN HOUSE—the Lord will permanently establish the royal authority in thy family.

III.—V. 12. I WILL SET UP THY SEED—this promise was fulfilled first in Solomon, and finally in Christ. V. 13. HE SHALL BUILD—Solomon shall do what David was not permitted to do. V. 14. I WILL BE HIS FATHER—this implies love, protection and support. V. 15. BUT MY MERCY—see Ps. 89: 31-33. V. 16 SHALL BE ESTABLISHED FOR EVER—these prophecies point to Christ, and have their complete fulfilment in him.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should acknowledge the Lord as the giver of every blessing.

2. That his mercies should inspire us with gratitude.

3. That we should be ready to contribute for the support of God's house and worship.

4. That God's promise to David respecting his son has its complete fulfilment in Christ.

5. That Christ shall reign as King over all, and his throne endure for ever.

HOW TO PRAY.

Lester is not a sickly boy; neither is he quite strong enough to bear the wear and tear of school. But as he wants to learn and is in haste to get ahead of other boys who are taught away from home, he studies very hard. Aunt Kitty helps him all that she can. At nine o'clock she is with him; and first they repeat together the Lord's Prayer. Then she thanks God for mercies and asks for loving care; and then comes the daily verse from the Bible.

"What verse have you for me to day?" she asked.

"Oh, that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for,'" answered Lester.

"Who said that?" Aunt Kitty inquired.

"Job."

"And what is the promise with the prayer in your book?"

"'Delight thyself in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart.'"

"Do you know, Lester, who gives us that advice?"

"I suppose it is David, as the verse is from the Psalms."

"That is right."

"But, Aunt Kitty——" Lester appeared to have enough to say, but he did not know how to put his thought into words. His Auntie liked to have him bring up his own ideas, so she patiently waited for him. And presently he added, "God does not always give me my desires; what I long for I do not get."

"How is that?"

"I often ask God, and ask and ask for things, but I do not get them."

"What kind of things, Lester?"

"Every sort. I asked that Jo might be better, but you know he grew sicker and sicker before he was better at all."

"Yes; he became well in God's time. What else?"

"Lots of things that I could not count up now, Aunt Kitty."

"You mean that you asked for them—how?"

"By praying, of course."

"Did you pray in the right way?"

"How? What do you mean?"

"Did you put an if in your prayer?"

"That would be a strange way, it seems to me."

"How did you say them?"

"I asked for Christ's sake; is not that a good way, Aunt Kitty?"

"Yes, but there must also be an if in every prayer."

"What can you mean?"

"What is prayer?"

"It is to ask God for what I want."

"Yes, but you must say that you want it if it is best for you to have it. We big folks have asked for a great many things that seemed quite necessary to us, but we have lived to see that it was the greatest kindness to refuse them, and then we have thanked God for having refused them."

"That seems to me a very queer way," said Lester.

"Yet it is true. Perhaps you do not put faith into your prayers."

"How?"

"You must pray with faith, that is, when you pray for anything you must trust God—have confidence in Him that he will grant it if it is best for you. Do you understand what I mean, Lester?"

"Yes, Aunt Kitty; and I do believe that the reason that I have not received what I asked for, is that I left out the right way of asking."

"I am glad that you understand. There is only one way to pray—that is the way that I have told you. Try it, and see if God is not always good and loving in answering your prayers when it is for the best."

"I will always after this try to put an if into every prayer," said Lester.—*N. Y. Observer.*

HIGH LICENSE A FAILURE.

Dr. Herrick Johnson says: On the other hand the proofs of failure are signal. I give but two, the one covering a city and the other a state. The city is Des Moines, Iowa, and the facts are vouched for by a gentleman over his own signature as "taken from the records of the city clerk." In 1871, with the license fee $150 there were twelve saloons. In 1872, with license at $200 there were twenty-five saloons. In 1880, with license at $250 there were forty-nine saloons. And in 1882, with license at $1,000 there were sixty saloons. The state referred to is Nebraska, where prohibition is the general state law, but high license is optional and the local exception. The fee is $1,000. The law was enacted in 1881. In 1882 the records showed 226 less saloons, but in 1883 the records showed a gain of fifty-nine. The Hon. H. W. Hardy, ex-mayor of Lincoln, Neb., and the father of the high license idea, testifies: "There has been no improvement in our saloons." "Gambling and prostitution go hand in hand." "High license has done nothing toward waking up temperance sentiment." "Saloon keepers violate the law just as they always have." John B. Finch, prominent in the advocacy of the law, and an ardent temperance man, testifies: "I was a friend of the law at its birth. I now know I was terribly mistaken in my theories." "Many of the delusions urged in defence of high license have been exploded by the trial of the law.

LIQUOR AND WATER.

The conductor of a suburban Chicago train said the other day as the cars halted at a way station. "I always step out to the artesian well here and drink two glasses of the pure water." Some of the men standing about the station began to chaff him on the "thinness" of the beverage. "Well," said he, "It'll never land me in the gutter."

It is said that the New York city car drivers are taking to water as the most steadily stimulating drink. One of them entertained a passenger not long since with the following:

"I've tried liquor and I've tried cold water, and I must say that cold water takes the cake everytime. I used to be what you might call a hard drinker, but I've turned over a new leaf. The first thing I do in the morning is to take a good big drink of cold water. It serves as my eye opener. While I'm on the car I get to drink at the end of the route. I don't know how to explain it, but it keeps me as warm as toast all day long. Some of the men drink hot tea or lemonade. The men who prefer whiskey are the men who complain most of the cold every time."—*Union Signal.*

RAINY DAYS.

An interesting calculation has been made of the number of rainy days in the year in different parts of Europe. From this it appears that on the plains of the Volga river, near Kasan, it rains on 90 days in the year; on the plateau of Germany on 131; in England, France, North Germany, and in the Gulf of Finland, on from 152 to 155; in Poland, on 158; in the Netherlands, on 170; and in the east of Ireland on 208. The nearer the sea the rainier it gets, the number of wet days decreasing as we go inland. There are twice as many rainy days in West as in East Europe, and Ireland is thrice as wet as Italy or Southern Spain.

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